

Loves Mistress: Or, Natures Rarity.

To a most Excellent delicious New Tune: called, *Tell me ye Wandering Spirits in the Air;*



Tell me ye Wandering Spirits in the Air,
When that you saw a Phoenix may be fair
Then Beauties Darling (where'er she flies)
Do twinkling Comets in the starry Skies:
If in this World a Phoenix may be found,
'Tis she, whose grace must and shall be Crown'd.
O! call her from the fairs Elizium-Bay,
And tell her how my Senses take away:
For in her being was my fixed Fate,
But for's diffid'nt, my time is out of date:
She's flown unto the Azure Skies,
Then cry, then cry, *Aminas* for her absence dyes.
Then Sacred Rymph, restore my latest breath,
That am resign'd for an untimely death:
'Tis she can cure me with her glorious looks,
Without the skill of Doctors or their Books:
Then let thy beauty with such splendor shine,
To raise, to raise, this drooping Love-sick heart of mine.
Search, search the Vallies, where the Vestal Train,
And Shepherdesses in their flocks remain:

Walk through the Woods, and view the little Shades
Where Loves Queen rangeth with her Turtle-Doves:
She's like fair *Venus* in her glorious Raies,
Then Crown her, Crown her, with a wreath of Royal Bays.
Walk through the Gardens, view the Damask Rose,
And smell that scent those precious leaves enclose:
'Tis her sweet breath that gives this odorous smell,
And Pearls Vertue (richly both excell)
If there you see one like the Radiant Sun,
'Tis she, 'tis she, whom I adore, Loves Parragon.
O taste the fountains silver streaming Springs,
And Hellicon where *Lady Muses* sing:
Distill the Sea, waite through the Ocean deep,
Who may there be Combed in eternal sleep:
But she's convey'd from every mortal Eye,
O *Cloris*, *Cloris*, come away, or else I dye.
Search, search the Rocks, where Syrens sing their charms
She may be lull'd in their Enchanting arms:
Fly, fly, for Pearls and you may Corals find,
Or else a Jewel to content the mind:

My bills, my joys are turn'd to Desiny;
That I, that I, must dye for loving thee.
Scale high Olympus where the Gods remain;
And Goddesses with all their Royal Train:
Who perfectly the Spangled Orb, and see
If *Cloris*, *Cloris*, be in Royalty:
She's gone, she's gone, whilst I in torments fry,
Opprest, opprest with pain, fain would but cannot dye.
Search every Quarter of the World and see,
If Natures piece, so excellent there be:
Turn round the Globe, and view each Corner right,
If there you find one like to *Phoebus* bright:
With lustrous beauty, shining in extremes,
'Tis she, 'tis she, eclipsing *Luna* with her Beams.
O stay a while, I may inform you till:
Where she on Earth she had been with me still:
Fly, fly to Heaven examine every Sphere,
And see what Stars are lately fired there:
If any brighter then the *Sun* you see
Fall down, fall down and honour her, for that is she.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.